

The Musical World.

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A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, CONCERT ROOM, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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NOTICE.

Our Subscribers are respectfully requested to pay their Subscriptions to the 25th of September, to our publisher, otherwise their names will be erased from the list, and the transmission of the paper discontinued.

GOETHE'S EPIGRAMS FROM VENICE—(1790.)

IN ELEGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—
How—this little book will tell.

XXXIV.

WHAT is the life of a man after all? Yet thousands are able
Freely to talk of the man—how he has acted and why.
Something less is a poem: yet thousands can amply enjoy it,
Thousands can blame it. My friend, live and write poetry still.
J. O.

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.

MR. BUNN has published his prospectus, and certainly a formidable array of talent is presented therein. The prospectus begins by stating that "the theatre will open for the usual winter season on Saturday, October 7th: that Mr. Bunn being enabled, by an arrangement entered into with the directors of the Royal Italian Opera, to avail himself of the vast resources of that celebrated establishment, the entertainments will be supported by a *Mise en Scène* never yet given on the English stage."

Hereafter follows a list of the principal artistes, vocal and choregraphic, which presents a long and goodly, if not brilliant array.

Among the sopranos we have the following names:—Mdlle. Nissen, Miss Romer, Miss Wallace, Miss Nelson, Miss Messent, and Madame Stoltz.

Mademoiselle Nissen has obtained a great popularity by her continental performances. She comes from the Imperial Theatre of Italy and St. Petersburg. Whether she be an English scholar and has been accustomed to sing in our language, or whether she be learning the language to appear at Covent Garden, we cannot allege. Mr. Bunn is too good a tactician to involve himself in this respect. We have never heard Mdlle. Nissen, and can only record the estimation of foreign journals, which certainly place the lady in a high position. In what character Mdlle. Nissen will appear we have not ascertained—most probably Haydée.

Of Miss Romer it is unnecessary to say a word. She will be found of great utility in her place.

Miss Wallace is sister to Mr. Vincent Wallace, the composer, and will make her first appearance on the English stage. This lady has already won our high regards as a brilliant con-

cert room singer, and we have on several occasions borne testimony to her excellence as a vocalist. She has a fine toned, clear soprano voice, with a rich middle voice, a rare addition to a high soprano, and which has apparently been carefully trained and cultivated. From what we were enabled to judge of Miss Wallace in a concert-room, we are inclined to think she will prove greatly successful on the stage. Mr. Bunn displayed his usual operatic tact in engaging the services of Miss Wallace.

Miss Nelson has lately been very successful in the provinces at concerts. She will make her first appearance on any stage at Covent Garden. Her friends are sanguine, and her admirers are numerous.

Miss Messent is a deserved, though not an old favourite of the public. She will be a great acquisition to the company.

Madame Stoltz is entitled in the prospectus "the renowned singer from the Grand Opera at Paris." There is no exaggeration in this entitlement. Madame Stoltz is, perhaps, the greatest dramatic singer that ever adorned the French Opera. With a voice inferior in quality to that of Madame Falcon, and wanting in the executive powers of a Cinti-Damoureau, or a Dorus Gras, she has yet achieved a greater name than any one of the three. In her style of acting she somewhat resembles Grisi, being possessed of nearly all the fire and energy of that wonderful artist, and being not far behind her in power and impulsiveness. Her histrionic efforts are, however, more pronounced than those of the Italian Queen of song; but these must be attributed to the constitution of the tastes and feelings of the audiences before whom she exhibits, who require the beholding everything to be represented in a glaring light. Madame Stoltz not long since was the idol of the French Opera. It would not be worth while to seek for causes why that fickle and irritable people pushed the great *cantatrice* from her pride of place. The deposition of Madame Stoltz has left the soprano throne empty at the Academy. The effect the lady will produce on the English audience it is impossible to estimate.

Miss Bassano is the contralto.

Of Miss Bassano it is needless to enter into any particulars. She is an old favourite. She has hitherto appeared on the English stage as a soprano. We are glad that even at this late hour Miss Bassano has discovered the true register of her voice.

The basso and baritone list comprise the following names: M. Borani, Mr. Whitworth, Mr. Burdini, Mr. H. Corri, Mr. S. Jones, and Mr. H. Phillips. These are all good men and true. Mr. H. Corri is principal buffo from the Theatre Royal Dublin. Mr. H. Phillips will be a most welcome annexation to the troupe. This gentleman has for some years back nearly deserted the stage for the single-handed vocal entertainments which have become so much the vogue of late. Mr. Bunn could not have selected a better team of basses. If we except Mr. Weiss, whom we should be glad to see added to the list, the enterprising manager has obtained all the available talent in that line.

The tenors are four in number, and thus write themselves :—Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Barker, and Mr. Sims Reeves.

Mr. W. Harrison is well-known, and Mr. Barker is well-known, and Mr. Sims Reeves is well-known, but Mr. Herbert is not at all known—at least, we never heard his name mentioned—wherefore he may turn out an Incledon, a Braham, or a Sinclair.

Mr. Sims Reeves' engagement will, we have no doubt, turn up a trump card for the establishment. The reputation of this vocalist stands very high, and that he will at least maintain that position in public favor, if not advance it, is our belief. Since Braham's day, no English tenor singer has created so great a sensation. He will stand No. 1 in the Covent Garden Company.

Of the orchestra, the prospectus informs us no further than that "it has been entirely re-arranged, and selected from the first talent, on a greatly increased scale."

Signor Schira is appointed musical director.

Of the chorus the prospectus informs us no farther than that "it will be augmented to an unusual extent, and will comprise the best voices in the country."

Mr. Land is appointed chorus master.

For grand ballet and spectacle we have the following brilliant array of talent. Mdle. Plunkett and Mdle. Sophie Fuoco, both from the *Grand Opera de la Nation*, Paris; Mesdles. Celeste Stephan, Moncelet, Gaillot, Arnal,—all from the principal theatres of Paris; Mdle. Louise, and Mdle. Maywood, principal *danseuse* from the *San Carlos* at Naples; Messrs. Petipa and Henri Desplaces, both from the *Theatre de la Nation*, Paris; M. Jules, from the *La Scala*, Milan; M. Paul, Mr. T. Matthews, Mr. Cormack, from the Theatre Royal, Liverpool (his first appearance), M. Mazilier (his first appearance these eight years), and Monsieur Durand, the "most renowned dancer on the Continent." The prospectus adds, "with a more numerous and effective body of corps de ballet, figurantes, and promeneuses than has ever yet been engaged in an English Theatre."

The ballet masters are MM. Barréz and Mazilier; under ballet master, Mr. B. Barnett; stage director, Mr. Geo. Ellis.

The novelties held forth in the prospectus are various and high-sounding. The celebrated opera of *Haydée*, the last production of Messrs. Scribe and Auber, and adapted to the English stage by Mr. Lavenu, will be instantly produced.

A grand opera, in three acts, composed expressly for this theatre by W. Vincent Wallace, is announced.

A grand semi-seria opera, composed expressly for this theatre by Mr. W. Balfe, is also set down.

A celebrated musical work, dramatised for the first time by J. P. Planché, is in preparation, and will be produced as speedily as the magnitude of the subject will admit.

A new grand opera, entitled *Kenilworth*, by Signor Schira, will also be produced.

Finally, Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis Night* will be given in a dramatic form "with all the immense resources of the theatre."

These are noble promises, and we trust no untoward circumstances will intervene to prevent their accomplishment.

We hail with great satisfaction the announcement of the complete performance of Mendelssohn's most delightful work, and which we have no doubt will repay the treasury with interest.

Haydée, Auber's last work, will be listened to with much curiosity. It has been pronounced a *chef-d'œuvre*, and has been received with immense applause at the French Opera

Comique. Sims Reeves, no doubt, will support the character of the Admiral, played in Paris by Roger; and Mdle. Nissen will, we incline to think, be the *Haydée*.

Of Wallace's opera Report speaks in very high terms: of Balfe's Report does not speak at all—Report not having yet heard a single bar of it. Of Signor Schira's opera Report is also silent.

We expected to have seen the announcement of George Macfarren's new opera in the prospectus, of which Report has spoken so loudly.

The new ballet called *The Amazons*, now being performed with great success at Paris, will be produced early in the season. Other novelties of the ballet department are alluded to, among which is specified an entirely new one, to be produced for the *début* of Mdle. Maywood.

The prospectus concludes with saying, that "numerous treaties are pending, and, amongst others, an answer is daily expected from the celebrated Herr Pischek."

So much for Mr. Bunn's prospectus; which sounds lofty and lordly, and promises well for the support of art and artists. It is our bounden duty, as lovers of art in general, English art in particular, as upholders of a national opera, and supporters of an establishment which provides for so many who are dependent on its success, to aid Mr. Bunn in his endeavours to revive the sinking lyric drama appertaining to England, and to give force and vitality to all his efforts made on behalf of our national music. Looking over the prospectus we find that the energetic manager has left nothing undone to obtain our assistance and the suffrages of the public. That the affairs at Covent Garden will obtain success must be referred to the course of time, but that Mr. Bunn will, by his talents and his indomitable energies, merit all success, may be predicted without pause or hazard.

MR. LAVENU'S CONCERT.

MR. LAVENU is well known in musical circles as the composer of the opera of *Loretta*, as well as many vocal pieces of the ballad school which have obtained popularity. *Loretta* was exceedingly well-written and highly effective, contained many striking and some beautiful melodies, and was altogether, as the *Times* said, one of the very best first operas ever produced by a composer in this country. At the period of the production of *Loretta* we ourselves echoed the opinion of the *Times*, and bore evidence to Mr. Lavenu's musical abilities and musical feeling.

But it does not follow that because Mr. Lavenu wrote one good opera, and scores of ballads, that he should therefore give a concert at Exeter-hall at the heel of the season when everybody is out of town:—certainly not. And if any one of our readers be so curious as to desire to know why Mr. Lavenu gave a concert at the dullest time of the year, we beg to refer him from ourselves, who know nothing of the matter, and who can make no guess, to himself, who, perhaps, may be able to gratify any longing felt thereat.

But if Mr. Lavenu felt that the time was out of joint when he gave his concert, he knew that, however dull the period might be, one magic name would be enough to call all the vagrant spirits from their out-of-town wanderings, and make them meet together as at the call of the trumpet that calleth the legions, and so Mr. Lavenu engaged Alboni, and put her in his bills, whereupon the sluggish metropolis stirred into life like a somnambulant hippotamus, and gave tokens of feeling joy within.

Exeter-hall, as we have said, was the locale selected by

Mr. Lavenu for his evening concert; but why Mr. Lavenu chose Exeter-hall in preference to any other place we have no means of fathoming, no more than we have why he should have given his concert during the dullest period of the season.

The following is the programme furnished on Monday evening at Exeter-hall:—

PART I.

<i>Overture</i> —(Composed expressly for this occasion,)	<i>Lavenu.</i>
<i>Trio</i> —"Before this heart, my father,"	<i>Lavenu.</i>
Mrs. Weiss, Mr. Machin, and Mr. Weiss (<i>Loretta</i>)	<i>Lavenu.</i>
<i>Duetto</i> —"Io l'udia," Miss A. Williams and Miss M. Williams	<i>Donizetti.</i>
<i>Cavatina</i> —"Nacqui all' affanno, and	<i>Rossini.</i>
<i>Rondo</i> —"Non piu mesta"	<i>Balfe.</i>
<i>Cavatina</i> —"Sentinella," Mr. Weiss (<i>Castle of Aymon</i>)	<i>Mendelssohn.</i>
<i>Concerto</i> —Pianoforte, Miss Kate Loder	<i>Pacini.</i>
<i>Scena</i> —"I tuoi frequenti palpiti," Miss Emma Lucombe	<i>Loder.</i>
<i>Song</i> —"Philip the Falconer," Mr. Machin	<i>Rossini.</i>
<i>Duetto</i> —"La regatta Veneziana,"	<i>F. Romer.</i>
Mdlle. Alboni and Miss Durlacher	<i>Rossini.</i>
<i>Ballad</i> —"They bid me never see him more," Miss Poole	<i>F. Romer.</i>
<i>Coro</i> —"La Carita," Mdlle. Alboni, Miss E. Lucombe, Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Durlacher, Miss Poole, and Miss Miran	<i>Rossini.</i>
<i>Overture</i> —(<i>Oberon</i>)	<i>Weber.</i>

PART II.

<i>Overture</i> —(<i>William Tell</i>)	<i>Rossini.</i>
<i>Aria</i> —"La pastorella" (<i>Son bella Pastorella</i>) Mrs. Weiss	<i>Rossini.</i>
<i>Duet</i> —"The Swiss Maidens,"	<i>Holmes.</i>
Miss A. Williams and Miss M. Williams	<i>Balfe.</i>
<i>Song</i> —"The merry Zingara," Miss Durlacher	<i>Donizetti.</i>
<i>Scena</i> —"In questo semplace," from the Opera of <i>Betty</i> ,	<i>Donizetti.</i>
Mdlle. Alboni	<i>T. Baker.</i>
<i>Duet</i> —"Soffriva nel pianto," Mrs. and Mr. Weiss	<i>T. Baker.</i>
<i>Ballad</i> —"They tell me that thy heart is changed," Miss Miran	<i>T. Baker.</i>
<i>Duet</i> —"The Sea Elves,"	<i>Lavenu.</i>
Miss A. Williams and Miss M. Williams	<i>Pacini.</i>
<i>Romanza</i> —"Se miei prodi," Mr. Weiss	<i>Lavenu.</i>
<i>Ballad</i> —"Happy heart," Miss Poole	<i>Donizetti.</i>
<i>Brindisi</i> —"Il segreto per esser felice," from the Opera of	<i>Rossini.</i>
<i>Lucresia Borgia</i> , Mdlle. Alboni	<i>Beethoven.</i>
<i>Coro</i> —"Il Carnevale"	
<i>Overture</i> —(<i>Men of Prometheus</i>)	

The orchestra was selected from the Royal Italian Opera Band, and a capital orchestra it was. The occasional overture of Mr. Lavenu was excellently played, and was received with much favor. A single hearing does not enable us to form an accurate opinion as to its merits, but it appeared to us to have been written with great care, and to have evinced a competent knowledge of orchestral effects.

The trio from *Loretta* was well sung. It is one of the best concerted pieces in the opera.

Donizetti's duo was very nicely given by the fair sisters, and met with great applause.

But all hearts were throbbing anxiously, and all eyes were peering earnestly towards the entrance, in expectation of Alboni's coming. No sooner had she appeared than she was greeted with a burst of applause that sounded through the huge hall like "superlative thunder," and was continued without intercession for several minutes.

The glorious contralto looked in admirable health. Her opening notes in the "Nacqui all' affanno," assured us that she was in as fine voice as ever, despite the wear and tear of a long season, and the harassing exertions of a long provincial tour. Rossini's charming *andante* was given with consummate grace and finish by Alboni, and with a certain quietude of expression delightfully in tone with the situation. It was applauded to the echo; but impatience turned all ears to the rondo, which, anticipating Alboni's voice, was humming around. To say that the "Non piu mesta" startled, amazed, and enchanted the audience, and threw them into ecstasies, and made them guilty of sundry extravagancies, would be only to repeat an oft-told tale. Never, in our recollection, did

Alboni produce a greater effect; and never did we witness an assembly so rapt into listening. The rondo was encored with tremendous and prolonged cheers, and was repeated with greater effect, if possible, than before.

Mr. Weiss sang Balfe's song with capital point.

Miss Kate Loder's performance was one of the chief features of the concert. She was received with great applause, and played a *merveille*.

Miss Emma Lucombe gave a favourable impression of her Italian vocalization by her rendering of Pacini's song.

Mr. Machin delivered Loder's very happy ballad with a good barytone voice and decided emphasis.

The duetto of Rossini was rendered with surprising effect by Alboni and Miss Durlacher. We have rarely heard two voices blend more charmingly together. It was, as though two singing-birds—the linnet and the mavis, to wit—with well-educated voices, were, like Ford's minstrel and nightingale "striving for mastery." It is no small compliment to the youthful soprano that she should have braved the contest against the overwhelming effects produced by Alboni's singing. Miss Durlacher is a pupil of Mr. Balfe, and reflects the highest credit on his teaching. Her voice is a soprano of excellent quality; her style and method are admirable, while she evinces no small amount of musical knowledge. Miss Durlacher is fortunate in having such a teacher. Mr. Balfe, one of the most accomplished vocalists of the day, is also one of the ablest and best instructors of singing.

Miss Poole's ballad was given in her usual quiet and chaste style.

The overtures to *Oberon* and *William Tell* were performed with good effect—the first, the best, to our thinking.

The "Pastorella" of Mr. Weiss, and the duet of the Misses Williams, were both entitled to praise.

Balfe's "Merry Zingara," was encored, and most deservedly. Miss Durlacher gave it with nice effect, and without an effort. It was a pure specimen of pure vocalisation. Miss Durlacher is the most promising singer we have heard for a long time, and we therefore hold out to her the strong hand of encouragement.

Alboni's scena from *Betty* was of course encored with vehement applause.

Of the other performances a few words must suffice.

Miss Miran's song and Miss Poole's song were both commendable performances, and Alboni created her never-failing *furore* in the "Brindisi."

The concluding overture wound up the concert admirably.

Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and Lavenu acted as conductors.

The hall was crowded in every nook and corner.

SONNET.

NO. CIII.

SOME have I known who calmly can repose,
And let the world, with all its visions, pass
Over their minds as o'er a polished glass,
Retaining nought of pleasures or of woes.
Sure, 'tis great happiness the eyes to close
On all but surface—not to see the mass
Of rottenness beneath. Alas! alas!
Why was it not my fate to be as those?
My cursed mission is to dream and doubt—
Mid present joys to trace some ill to come—
To think all virtue but a hidden sin;—
Ever to peer beyond the garb without,
And scarce to look upon the fruit's soft bloom,
Ere I divine the worm that gnaws within.

N. D.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

(Translated from the German.)

BOOK I.

OF THE ORIGIN OF ART, AND THE CAUSES OF ITS DIFFERENCE IN
DIFFERENT NATIONS.

CHAP. I.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 611.)

VII. In Egypt art was already flourishing in the earliest times, and if Sesostris lived more than three hundred years before the Trojan war, the greatest obelisks which are now in Rome, and which are works of the above-mentioned king (a), were already completed, besides the principal buildings at Thebes, when darkness and obscurity still enveloped art among the Greeks. The cause of this earlier bloom of art among the Egyptians seems to have been the great population of their kingdom, and the power of their kings; since by the regal power that could be accomplished, which had been invented by the necessary industry which the largeness of the population had aroused. But the situation and the nature of the country increased both the population and the power of the kings. This being in a climate constantly the same, and beneath a warm sky, generally gave ease to the life and subsistence of the inhabitants, and since their children were naked until they were quite grown up, encouragement was given to propagation (b). By this situation Nature, as it were, destined Egypt to be a single, indivisible, and, therefore, powerful kingdom; since a single large river flows through this country, and it is bordered towards the north, and towards the other points by lofty mountains. For the river and the even plain of this country were unfavourable to division, and though at a certain period there were several kings, this constitution lasted but a short time, and hence Egypt, more than any other kingdom, enjoyed peace and tranquillity, by which the arts were produced and fostered. Greece, on the contrary, was divided by Nature herself through many mountains, rivers, islands, and promontories, and there were in the earliest times just as many kings there as towns, among whom a proximate and frequent occasion for discord and war destroyed all repose, and was unfavourable to industry and invention. It may therefore be conceived that art was exercised later among the Greeks than among the Egyptians.

VIII. With the Greeks as with the eastern nations, art took its commencement with such simplicity that they may seem to have borrowed the first seeds of it from no other nation, but to have been the first inventors. For thirty deities had been worshipped among them in a visible form before they were endowed with an human shape, and people were content to indicate them by an unhewn log, or by square stones, as the Arabians and Amazons did, and these stones were in the city of Phera, in Achæa, even at the time of Pausanias (c). The Juno at Thespizæ, and the Diana at Icarus, were thus formed (d); Diana Patroa, and Jupiter Milichius at Siryon were (e), like the eldest Venus at Paphos (f), nothing but a species of pillar (g); Bacchus was worshipped in the form of a pillar, and even Love and the Graces, were merely represented by stones, and hence the word pillar (κίον) denotes a statue even in the best times of the Greeks. Castor and Pollux had, among the Spartans, the form of two parallel logs, which were joined by two cross logs, and this primitive form appears in the sign II, by which these Twins are indicated in the Zodiac.

IX. As time advanced, heads were set on these stones:

among several others there was a Neptune at Tricoloni, and a Jupiter at Tegæa, both in Arcadia; for in this country, more than in any other among the Greeks, people had adhered to the oldest form of art (h). Even in the time of Pausanias there was even a Venus Urania so fashioned. There is, therefore, manifest in the first images of the Greeks an original invention and production of a figure. The Holy Scriptures, also, allude to heathen idols which had of the human form nothing but the head (i). It is well known that square stones, with heads upon them, were called among the Greeks "Hermæ," that is to say, "large stones" (k), and were constantly retained by their artists (l).

SELECT VARIORUM NOTIS.

(a) All the obelisks in Rome were not made by Sesostris. On the contrary, Pliny mentions only one obelisk erected by Sesostris, which was afterwards set up in the Campus Martius. Whether this was done by Augustus, as Fea maintains, we leave undecided; Pliny, at any rate, does not expressly say so.—*Fea and Meyer.*

(b) This reason does not seem very tenable. Pliny, Solinus, and Seneca ascribe the almost incredible fertility in Egypt to the properties of the Nile.—*Fea.*

Winckelmann only meant to say that, as the rearing of children costs but little in Egypt, propagation is much favoured.—*Siebelis.*

(c) Pausanias l. vii. c. 22, l. viii. c. 31, l. xxxii. c. 35. The first of these cited passages is applicable—the other not. On this account Fea has made the following insertion into the text (from the preliminary treatise):—"And no less unformed were the figures of the gods at that time in other parts of Greece." Besides, Fea is right, because he maintains that in the last three passages Pliny is speaking not so much of rough, unworked square stones, but rather of well-wrought Hermæ, as Goldhagen also has observed in his translation of Pausanias. For ἀγάλμα never stands for a rough unworked stone.

(d) Clem. Alex. l. c. These were two trunks of trees, without further shape. Arnobius says the same.—*Fea.*

(e) Pausanias l. ii. c. 9. The first was in the shape of a pillar—the second in that of a pyramid.—*Fea.*

(f) Clement of Alexandria and Maximus Syrius say of this Venus—*το δὲ ἀγάλμα οὐκ ἐν σικασίᾳ ἀλλ' ἐν ἡ σφραγίδι λίθου.* A similar figure may also be seen on a coin.—*Fea.*

(g) Eumelus, an old poet, said that at first all the deities were represented in the form of a pillar, and among them the Delphic Apollo.

(h) Pausanias, l. viii. c. 48. Fea seems incorrectly to think that this passage is not applicable. Pausanias says—"The Arcadians appear to me to take particular delight in square figures." The conclusion which Winckelmann draws from these words is, therefore, related to this passage like an effect to a cause.—*Meyer.*

(i) Psalm cxxxv. v. 16. This passage only alludes to the head, but in psalm cxv. v. 4-7, the hands and feet of the idols are also mentioned.—*Fea.*

(k) The name, Hermes (Mercury), to whom, it is pretended, stones of this sort were first offered, would, even according to the derivation in Plato, have nothing to do with them.—*Winckelmann.*

(l) Tzetzes says that every statue has been called Hermes.—*Fea.* *Ληδαίος Πανδίωνος* in Aristophanes (Pax), was such a Hermes, and one of twelve others, at Athens, on which lists of the soldiers were suspended, and therefore cannot signify a pillar as the translators have rendered it.—*Winckelmann.*

The Hermæ, by which Mercury was originally represented, perhaps owe their form to a mystical allusion, as is maintained by Macrobius, and also by Suidas (word *ἱεμᾶ*) and Codinus. Or the form may have reference to the story, that the hands and feet of this god were cut off, as Servius alleges, and as he is represented in a piece of marble Mosaic work. The Athenians, according to Pausanias, were the first who gave a square form to the Hermæ. Cicero (Epist. ad Att. i. 8) mentions some Hermæ, the trunks or pillars of which were of Pentelic marble, and the heads of bronze. A Hermes, which ends in a lion's paw, may be seen among the pictures of Herculaneum.—*Amoretti and Fea.*

(To be continued.)

TESTIMONIAL TO MESSRS. DELAFIELD AND WEBSTER

(From the Era Weekly Paper.)

A CONSIDERABLE portion of the subscribers to the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent-Garden have presented to Messrs.

Delafield and Webster a splendid gold vase, in testimony of their high appreciation of the efforts of those gentlemen in behalf of the Lyric Drama. The vase is of goodly dimensions and exquisite proportions. The model in silver, which has been shown to us, is exceedingly unique, and bears an inscription testifying to the zeal and liberality of the gentlemen in question. The practice of presenting plate became too common, and received a check, but in this instance it is "a reward of merit." Whether Messrs. Delafield and Webster have been successful or not—whether they have profited or lost by their undertaking—does not refer to this appropriate acknowledgment of services rendered. They came to the rescue of Covent-Garden and its Opera, and to their spirit, enterprise, and management, is mainly owing the great amount of intellectual gratification which thousands have received before the curtain, to say nothing of the mouths that have been filled (and some are capacious) behind it. This present must be to those to whom it is come, a gratifying, and, it may be, a *consoling* testimony to their value as caterers for public amusement of the highest order.

[We do not vouch for the authenticity of the above, the information having reached us from no other quarter.—E. M. W.]

MUSIC AT NEWCASTLE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Newcastle, Sep. 28th.

I HAD no time to send you last week an account of the concert which took place on Monday night, the 18th instant, in the Theatre; but better late than never. The announcements in the papers, put forth by Mr. Carte, the spirited *impresario*, the only man who seems capable of attracting the Newcastle people to his concerts, caused the greatest excitement in the town; the combination of such names as Grisi, Mario, and Alboni, was a thing unprecedented, and long before the doors were opened every place had been disposed of. The Theatre was literally crammed to the roof when I entered; not a corner even of standing room was to be had.

I shall not attempt to offer any detailed criticism upon the talents of the great artists who assisted at this unusually brilliant affair; let it suffice to record the bare facts of the performance. Mario and Tagliafico opened the concert with the duet "All idea," from the *Barbiere*, which they sang with the true spirit, and were greatly applauded. Alboni then came forward, and was received with immense cheering; she gave her own unctuous reading of the "Una voce," from the same opera, and was enthusiastically encored. A similar honor was conferred upon the trio, "Zitti, zitti," sung by Alboni, Mario, and Tagliafico, and with this ended the selection from Rossini's comic masterpiece. Some pieces from Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* followed, including the duet, "Tornami a dir che m'ami," by Grisi and Mario, and the serenade, "Com'è gentil," by the latter, both of which were encored, the last uproariously. Mr. Benedict, the Conductor, (at the piano-forte) followed, with a brilliant performance of a *Nocturne* and *Galoppe*, of his own composition, which agreeably contrasted with the vocal *morceaux*, and were received with high favor. Grisi then sang the "Io l'udia," from Donizetti's *Torquato Tasso*, to which she imparted such fire and energy, that it was no longer insipid; this, and the fine quartet of Rossini, "Cielo il mio labbro," executed by Grisi, Alboni, Mario, and Tagliafico, gave great pleasure to the audience, and concluded the first part of the concert effectively.

After an interval of fifteen minutes, came the grand scenic duet from *Semiramide*, "Ebben' a te ferisce," for Grisi and

Alboni, in which the slow movement, "Giorno d'orrore," was encored; both vocalists sang delightfully, and it was who should be the victor; but the audience decided in favour of both, and so they divided the honours. Two more enthusiastic encores, and not more enthusiastic than well deserved, followed—"Il mio tesoro" by Mario, and "Voi che sapete" by Alboni, two of Mozart's most exquisite inspirations, and interpreted by the accomplished vocalists in such style as would have charmed the composer himself could he have been happy enough to hear them. The next piece I did not like so well, although it was one of Verdi's least uninteresting trifles, and was capitally sung by Grisi. This was the air and rondo, "In cielo benedetto," in which the latter, "Non fu sogno," was encored and repeated; the honour, however, was due to Grisi's singing, not to Verdi's music.

Previous to the *Semiramide* duet, I should have mentioned that Mr. Carte, the *entrepreneur*, to whom the Newcastle-tonsians owed this great treat, played a fantasia on the flute, composed by Briccialdi upon two popular Scotch airs. I do not recollect ever hearing before of the name of Briccialdi, but the fantasia was effective for all that, and encored into the bargain. I am inclined, however, to lay this at the door of Mr. Carte, who was in admirable play, and used a flute called the "Boehm metal flute," I believe, for the first time in public. The tone of this flute almost resembles a mellow *soprano* voice, so liquid and pleasant is it; the gradations from soft to loud, and the extremes of each, seem producible in a manner I never remarked in a flute before. I should certainly (judging from this one hearing) be inclined to give the metal flute a preference over the wood flute, for the quality and quantity of tone that is obtained from it. The pitch, moreover, is less likely to suffer by the changes of temperature than in the wooden flute. The *purity* of the tone is remarkable, and it retains the same quality throughout the register. Mr. Carte and his flute made a decided hit on this their *debut*; a more hearty and genuine encore than that which followed the piece (a very long one) could not have been desired by artist. After the air from *I Lombardi*, Mr. Carte gave us another specimen of his talent, and his flute, in a clever and showy duet for piano and flute, on themes from Adolphe Adam's *Postillon de Lonjumeau*, the composition of Benedict, who executed the pianoforte part with consummate ability; it was a very brilliant performance on both hands.

A selection from *Cenerentola* nearly, but not quite, brought the concert to an end. This included the comic air, "Miei rampolli," sang with infinite *verve* by Tagliafico, and encored, and the immortal "Nacqui all' affanno," with its brilliant pendant, "Non piu mesta," executed by Alboni with such divine expression in the *largo*, and such astonishing brilliancy in the *rondo*, that, although so late in the evening, both movements were rapturously encored, and the audience recalled Alboni and surprised her with a shower of *bouquets*, of which floral compliments they had been very stingy in the previous part of the evening. The concert finished with the eternal *preghiera* from Rossini's *Moise*, in which all the singers joined. Mr. Benedict accompanied all the pieces with that care and ability for which he is so deservedly noted.

Mr. Carte has reason to congratulate himself on the result of his highly-spirited undertaking, and the Newcastle-tonsians have reason to thank him for introducing them to Alboni, whose flattering reception was unprecedented on the Tyne.

Jenny Lind has appeared since, but I must defer until next week my account of her performance. Suffice it that her success was immense.

(From the Newcastle Courant.)

DURING the past week, this town has been the arena in which the splendid talents of a Grisi, an Alboni, and a Lind, have shone forth with increasing lustre. It is needless to say with what delight and high expectation the musical portion of the public looked forward to these events, from the moment their coming was announced, or what a delectable treat it would afford, to be enabled, within the compass of one week, to hear three of the most popular and celebrated songstresses of the day, whose fame had resounded throughout Europe. This, indeed, was fully evinced in the brilliant and crowded audiences which honoured the performances with their presence on each occasion. There were only two musical entertainments, for the first of which the public owe an additional debt of gratitude to their old and respected friend Mr. Carte; and for the second, to the spirit and enterprise of Mr. States, of the Royal Hotel, of this town, and it is but justice to add, that the public have liberally responded to their efforts.

GRISI AND ALBONI.

The First.—Mr. Carte's Operatic Concert was held on Monday evening, the programme of which contained selections from Rossini, Donizetti, Mozart, &c., and the performers were Madame Grisi, Mdle. Alboni, Signor Mario and Signor Tagliafico. Conductor, M. Benedict. Flute, Mr. Carte. The demand for seats, consequent upon the announcement of such eminent vocalists, caused every available place in the Theatre to be put into requisition, and part of the stage, as well as the orchestra, was eagerly sought for the accommodation of parties; and, as the time of the performances drew near, the house presented one of the most imposing and splendid spectacles ever seen within its walls, being, to use a well known expression, literally "crowded from the floor to the ceiling."

The concert opened with a duetto from *Il Barbiere de Siviglia*, by Signor Mario and Signor Tagliafico, in which both voices blended richly together. This gave place to a cavatina from the same piece, and which introduced for the second time to a Newcastle audience the highly talented cantatrice, Mdle. Alboni. It is almost superfluous to criticise at length the lady's performance, without as it were re-echoing sentiments familiar to all: suffice it to say, that she added fresh laurels to her former reputation. Her appearance was the signal for a rapturous welcome, which she courteously acknowledged—but, on her commencing with the words translated, as in the song "A voice e'en thrilled to my very heart," it seemed in reality to do so. The attention of the audience was intense, and as they listened they seemed indeed to be "thrilled" with the soft, pure, and mellifluous sounds issuing in tones of even and unbroken harmony from the singer's lips. This ease and smoothness of delivery—this charming effect without perceptible effort—this felicitous and continuous melody—form the secret of Alboni's power—a power which she invariably wields with exquisite taste and success. The song of the night, however, and in which her talents were fully developed, was her scena and rondo from *Cenerentola*: for it was here where the extraordinary compass of her voice—her rapid and brilliant execution—her consummate taste and finished style were conspicuous, and which in the end drew forth the most unbounded applause from the audience in repeated cheers. This piece, of course, was encored, and repeated even with increased effect. In this passing eulogy we would not be unmindful of the gifted and wondrously talented Grisi, whose clear enunciation, combined with a powerful and rich voice, never fails to ensure to her the highest approbation, and which still enables her to

maintain a position of the highest order in the profession. All who heard her in *the Scene ed Aria*, were delighted with the energy she infused into the piece, and marked their sense of it by a rapturous encore; the stage, however, is the arena on which Grisi's greatest powers are properly tested. Signor Mario we have before noticed; but much as we admired his splendid voice—his exquisite pathos and finish, we never heard him to greater effect; perhaps nothing could be more exquisite than the serenade from *Don Pasquale*, and the aria from *Il Don Giovanni*, in both of which Mario was deservedly encored. With regard to Signor Tagliafico, who appeared for the first time, we must speak in high terms of commendation. As a buffo singer he must rank high, possessing as he does a most expressive countenance, combined with a flexible and powerful voice, which he manages with great judgment. His aria from *Cenerentola* was given with considerable effect. During the evening M. Benedict delighted the audience with a concerto on the piano: and Mr. Carte played two fantasias, in his well-known style, on his new metal flute, and in one of which he introduced the favorite airs of *Auld Robin Gray* and *The Breast Knots*.

JENNY LIND.

The second entertainment took place on Wednesday evening, on which occasion the far-famed vocalist, Jenny Lind, made her *debut* before a Newcastle audience, as Amina, in Bellini's celebrated opera of *La Sonnambula*. As might be expected, in order to give due effect to the opera, a select company of performers, instrumental and vocal, and who had during the winter season been playing in London, were drafted from Her Majesty's theatre. Among the principal vocalists were M. Roger, from the Grand Opera, Paris, Signor Belletti, Signor Botturo, and Signor Guido; and Signora Grimaldi, and Mdle. Payne. The band was led by Mons. Nadaud, under the direction of Mr. Balfé, who acted as the conductor. As to the opera of *La Sonnambula*, its characteristics are so well known, both as regards the splendour of the music, and the interest of the piece, that it requires no explanation from us; but it is acknowledged to be, above all others, the opera in which the talents of Mdle. Lind are most effectually displayed both as a singer and an actress.

The theatre, notwithstanding the extraordinary price of admission, was crowded in every part—the boxes as well as the pit being filled by one of the most numerous and splendid assemblages of the *haut ton* of the district, that had ever been witnessed. Previous to the doors being opened, the entrance to the gallery was besieged by a large crowd, some of whom, in order to make sure work of it, had actually stood from 4 until 7 o'clock. The rush, of course, was tremendous and many of the ladies must have suffered severely from the pressure.

Precisely at eight o'clock the curtain rose, and presented to view the joyous gathering of the rustic villagers, to celebrate the approaching nuptials of Amina and Elvino; and after the performance of some effective chorusses—Mdle. Lind—the chief object of attraction, entered, and was greeted with the most spontaneous and enthusiastic applause. Here, for the first time, the sweet accents of "the Swedish Nightingale" reverberated within the walls of our theatre, and it would be impossible to select terms of admiration too strong in which to speak of the interest excited as the piece proceeded by the extraordinary performance of the *prima donna*. We might, indeed, without any indecorum, exclaim—"What can a man do who cometh after the King?" for already every thing has been said, aye, and even sung, in her praise, that could be by the

most enthusiastic panegyrist of the present day! Possessing, as she does, a combination of the rarest gifts, both mental and physical, with which any individual could be endowed by nature in any particular profession, we may confidently assert that she almost deserves all that has been said about her.

Although, in her figure, she ranks among *la petite*, and though she is less favored than some of her sex with outward attractions, yet she possesses a light and elegant form—an easy and graceful carriage, and a simplicity of manner, which outvie by far the more showy charms of many women. It is, however, in regard to her profession that we must judge of her, and on this point none who have had the felicity of witnessing her performances can forget the impressions which she produced upon them by the energy which pervaded her every act—her whole mind being thrown, as it were, into the minutest points in the opera. Her *chef d'œuvre* of the evening was the scene at the conclusion of the first act, which embraced a combination of dramatic effort and vocal skill perfectly surprising; and it is needless to add that the scene closed with the most enthusiastic cheering, while several bouquets were showered down upon her as additional tokens of applause. The interest of the opera rose intensely from this point, and at the termination of it the cheering was redoubled from all parts of the house, and the flowers again showered down upon the stage. To these expressive marks of approbation *Mdlle. Lind* gracefully acknowledged; and after loading herself with the numerous bouquets which fell around her, she voluntarily repeated her last song, beginning “Ah! non giunge uman pensiero,” as a triumphant finale.

Having thus been favored to see and hear this famed *cantatrice*, we venture to say that Jenny Lind has no superior as an operatic actress. In this department of her profession she stands alone. Then, as to her musical powers, though the palm of supremacy is yielded to her powerful rival *Alboni*, whose voice is admitted to be rich and unequalled as to compass, and though to draw any comparison of their respective merits would be perhaps invidious, yet, confining *Lind* within the limits of her powers, few voices, if any, are more melodious and powerful. With an enunciation surprisingly distinct—with a voice clear and full—with an action free and graceful—with a countenance the most expressive, “her soul sitting in her eye”—and more than this, her deep pathos, fervent feeling, and admirably correct execution, together with her inimitable acting—we are reminded forcibly of the words of *Pope*—

“Her like has seldom shone on ages past,
But lights the present, and shall warm the last.”

With respect to the *corps musicale*, it is but due to say that they efficiently maintained their respective parts. The singing both of *M. Roger*, as *Elvino*, and *Signor Belletti*, as *Count Rodolph*, was much admired. The band also was excellent, the chorusses full and effective, and the entire performance formed a treat which will be long remembered by those who had the pleasure of being present.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE—THEATRE ROYAL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

It is rather remarkable that in one little fortnight after Jenny Lind's second advent amongst us, we should have an English Opera company giving the very same opera (only with English words), viz., the *Lucia di Lammermoor* of *Donizetti*. If on

the former occasion we never had Italian opera given in so complete a manner, we must say that this attempt at English opera is far away the most spirited that has ever been tried in Manchester, and we most cordially wish it all the success it deserves. *Mr. Howard Glover* is at the head of it, who, with *Miss Rainforth*, *Mr. Sims Reeves*, and *Mr. Whitworth* as principals, is aided in the subordinate part and choruses by members of his dramatic singing classes; these, with the usual Manchester talent to fill up the chorus and orchestra, make a very numerous and effective *corps d'opera*. Here we may remark that it is a pity *Mr. Glover* did not succeed in engaging another *prima donna*. We like *Miss Rainforth* very much, and would not be so ungallant to a lady we so much admire as to wish another in her place; no, we would have had *Miss Rainforth* and *Miss Birch* too if we could. *Miss Rainforth* has a pleasing voice, of moderate compass, and is a ladylike and agreeable actress: still she is not suited to tragic characters, and wants the power of voice to give expression to scenes of high-wrought interest. We do not know if it was exactly good policy to bring all the principals into direct comparison with the Italian company on the first night, or whether the choice of the very same opera was the means of attracting such a house; certainly the theatre was fuller than when *Jenny Lind* played the *Lucia*: but then the prices! aye, there's the rub; guinea stalls in the pit had altogether disappeared, and the pit was full at 1s. in lieu of 21s. and 10s. 6d., the dress circle at 4s. in lieu of 21s., the upper circle at 2s. 6d. instead of 15s., and the two galleries at 6d. (!) instead of 5s. and 2s. 6d.; nevertheless, we were delighted to see the house so well filled. It is a good beginning for *Mr. Glover*, which we trust will be followed by a series of good houses; he cannot expect bumpers every night.

Mr. Whitworth made a good impression on this his first appearance on the Manchester stage, he both sang and played the part of *Henry Ashton* in a highly creditable manner: the quality of his voice is very musical and good, a slight lisp is the only drawback to it; he sings with good taste, and does not attempt any *Tamburini*-like embellishments, in which his voice is not flexible enough to succeed.

Mr. Sims Reeves was of course the *Edgar*. We were somewhat curious to see him in this his celebrated part, after all the extravagant things that had been said of it by the London press. In our opinion he is very great, but at the same time very unequal in it; his besetting fault is that of forcing a voice, naturally metallic and piercing in its quality, until it becomes harsh—a scream it was in the malediction scene (if *Roger* wanted force in this, *Reeves* had too much of it), and in some of his recitatives he gives them an unnecessary rapidity of utterance, which mars the sentiment and proper expression. *Whitworth* delivered his recitative much more feelingly, and *Roger* in this was infinitely his superior. The comparison is naturally forced upon by his playing the character so soon afterwards. At times, in the duet with *Lucia*, when he sang *moderato* he was all that could be desired; the next moment he would burst out so as completely to overpower poor *Miss Rainforth*. His last scena was his best, for the very reason that he had to sing piano. A dying man is not to be supposed capable of such shrill clarion sounds as *Mr. Sims Reeves* is too apt to give us, either from want of control over his wonderfully fine organ, or from want of judgment. We must not make any further comparisons. *Miss Rainforth* would not thank us for comparing her with *Mdlle. Jenny Lind*. *Lucia*, as we said before, is beyond *Miss Rainforth's* power. She did her best, and made the most of it; but when we remember her in *Maritana*, we can but regret to

see her so out of her element in the pathetic portion of her part. Her voice was never still or sustained; she gave a sort of shakiness to her tones, which became wearisome from frequent repetition. We hope to see Miss Rainforth in a part more suited to her. The character of Bidethebent was not so well filled, either dramatically or musically, as it was by F. Lablache. The chorus, we thought, was both fuller and better; all the chorusses went very well, and were loudly applauded. As to recalls, they were more numerous, if possible, than on the Jenny Lind night, for after each act one or two, or all the principals, had to appear before the curtain; a senseless mode of expressing satisfaction after all. We wish some more appropriate way of applauding our favourites could be found than in thus dragging them before the curtain—after a most elaborate, although mimic dying scene, perhaps to be pelted at with flowers. It wants reforming altogether. Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday the *Lucia* was repeated, and with an improvement in the performance, but we were not present. This (Saturday) evening the *Sonnambula* is to be given.

ALBONI IN BRISTOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THIS time, my dear sir, I have something better, and more pleasing to write to you, than a reply to the bitter attacks of individuals who fancied their merits or dignity offended by my last letter; and you will imagine with what delight I sit down to pen these lines when I inform you, that ALBONI HAS BEEN HERE. I told you that she was expected in our city, but that the exact time of her arrival was not as then known; well, not two days after I wrote the letter, the glorious name, "*Alboni*," shone from all the old walls of our city in large blue letters, and from that time till the evening of the concert (Sept. 23rd) I celebrated, as the Germans call it, a continual *blue Monday*, living only in the future, and seeing nothing but *double basses* (another Germanism) hanging from an azure sky, although my prosy neighbours, who had no Alboni in their heart, complained of rainy weather and dirty streets; for I had never heard Alboni (shame! I hear you cry), and my heart beat with the half hoping, half doubting trepidation of an antiquarian to whom suddenly a prospect opens of adding another gem to his collection. Pardon my exuberant language, dear Editor, but I have heard her now, and her heavenly strains are still ringing so vividly in my ear, that a cool, deliberate, account—such as the critics would give—is utterly out of the question. Only what passed within me during the performance—the individual experiences of a memorable night—this only is what you must expect me to relate. Templeton was here the same week, giving his "grand entertainments," at the Princess' Assembly Rooms: I went to hear him on the night before Alboni's concert (according to my usual custom of eating a piece of coarse bread when I expect a gastronomic treat); like many others I was, however, too late; the rooms were filled, and, to please the clamorous of the disappointed multitude, Mr. Templeton was obliged to promise an extra night's performance. This made me cautious, and full an hour before the commencement of the concert, you might have seen me walking to and fro at the entrance of our splendid Victoria Rooms, waiting for the opening of the doors. Having entered, I retired to the hindmost seat of the gallery, and sat down in silent meditation, as every devout son of the Muses does when entering Apollo's temple. I thought of Malibran and Alpine mountains; of Persiani and Italy's sunny plains; of Jenny Lind and Dardekarlia's lonely valleys;

of the *Musical World* and "Progressive Cadences," until a thundering noise awoke me from my dreams. On looking up, I saw that the concert was going to commence, and that Mr. and Mrs. Weiss stood bowing before the public. But I did not hear much of the first bars of their duet, for a glance over the room had shown to me that the latter was not much more than half filled, and I fell again into a musing state, thinking of Templeton's overcrowded rooms, and of the letter of the Brass Band man, stating that there is no town in the world "showing a more decided taste for music of a higher order than Bristol!" Dismissing those painful thoughts with a sigh, I nerved myself. The performers had by this time already far advanced in their "*Suffrir nel pianto*," and soon brought it to a close, amidst the thundering acclamations of the audience, who evidently were much pleased with the singing of their old acquaintances, and received the following solo of Mr. Weiss ("*Le miei prodi*") with equal favor. Both singers have certainly much improved: Mr. Weiss' bass in particular was more full and definite than when I heard him last, and Mrs. Weiss evinced that she had successfully applied herself to the higher study of her art, although I would advise her to aim less at effects, and to abstain from the introduction of embellishments, which only the greatest of the great can make use of without injuring the intended effect of classical compositions. Mr. Lindsay Sloper then attempted to interpret Liszt's grand fantasia on themes from *Masaniello*, and still further confirmed me in my opinion, that nothing but the gigantic power of Liszt himself is able to do justice to the romantic effusions of his eccentric mind. Mr. Sloper is a very neat player, of sound taste and great manual dexterity; the quickest passages roll off under his hands clear and distinct; but Liszt requires more. And now the star of the evening was to make its appearance. The audience looked at the platform with silent expectation, which on a sudden changed into a deafening noise of acclamation, when Alboni stepped forward, with smiling countenance, and the unassuming bearing of a little child. She was not dressed to advantage—a black shawl, leaving nothing but part of her arms exposed; but then the face! those eyes beaming with innocent delight! it was enough to look at them, to be convinced that an angel was dwelling inside. A minute afterwards the room was silent as a grave, without, however, the mournful character of the latter. Mr. Sloper touched a few chords, and then the words "*Nacqui all'affanno*," sounded through the room, clear and distinct, as if spoken. You must not expect me to criticise the singing, if such may be called the breathing of a cherub upon an *Æolian harp*; the first four notes convinced me that you had been but too just in your praises, and that there is but one Alboni. As the sweet notes floated along on the waves of sound, not sung forth with any effort, but running from her lips in pearly shape, like crystal dewdrops glittering in the golden rays of a morning sun—a sweet perfume seemed to spread over the room. The heads of the audience below disappeared under a magic mist, and reality lost itself in the dreams of childhood. Such a voice, so full and golden in its lower notes, so silvery clear in its higher register, so equal throughout, so powerful and yet so mellow—the direct breaking of a living soul which touches every fibre of a kindred heart—such a voice I never heard but once before, and that was long ago; when, then a mere boy, I had entered for the first time a Roman Catholic church. It was a single voice, accompanied only by a quartetto of stringed instruments, which sang a vesper hymn, and so enchanted me, that I forgot to rise from my knees until the chastising hand of my father told me that

this was not a proper place of worship for the son of a zealous Protestant. But the voice of the invisible Nun I never have forgotten, it followed me through the dreams of youth, and often have I asked with silent longing, "When shall I hear it again?" I have heard it now, and that too not in its mere natural beauty and sweetness, but assisted by the greatest artistic perfection imaginable. The unknown singer was standing before me, the youthful freshness of her organ was the same, the same tenderness breathed through her strains; but all what a long study, unremitting exercise, and deep insight into the spirit of the art of sound could contribute, was now called into aid, and the plain hymn had changed into a brilliant production of consummate art. How the notes chased each other up and down in rapid flight, in those wonderful variations on "Non più mesta" like frolicking sylphs dancing on sunbeams; how the enchanting singer indulged in the most exuberant playfulness of youth, ventured the most dangerous leaps with unerring certainty, and without once offending against the chastity of her art; how she cast in one breath an endless chain of *trillos*, now tumbling through the air like the whispering of a zephyr, now rolling with the power of an organ, and finally, dying away gradually, that you did not know when the last note ended; all this must be heard, but can be neither described nor imagined. No wonder that the audience was in rapture, that the clapping of hands and encore cry would take no end, and that the repetition of the rondo tenfold increased the enthusiasm. From this time the concert was a succession of triumphs of which the other singers also (Mrs. Weiss, Mr. Weiss, and Signor Perugini) had their full share; for the superiority of Albani was so palpable, and the distance between her and Mrs. Weiss so great, that no one thought of making a comparison: and besides, the charming singer had kindled such a feeling of love and kindness in the heart of her audience, that the latter would have received favorably anything the other performers might have offered.

I have no time to enter into the detail of the performance, suffice it, therefore, to say, that Mr. Weiss sang two solos, (Mendelssohn's "Tarry here my servant" and the piece mentioned before,) and joined in two duos, "Dunque io son" with Albani; that Signor Perugini set the house in a roar of laughter by his "Tarantella" and the truly excellent interpretation of his part in "Senza tanti complimenti," with Albani; that Mrs. Weiss tried her powers on Rossini's "Pastorella" in which her mezzo voice singing was very creditable, and that Mr. Sloper played two "Lieder ohne Worte" with exquisite taste, but without receiving due applause. Albani brought out in the second part of the concert her "In questo semplice," entranced again the audience, and completely electrified it, when, instead of a repetition, she burst out into the merry strains of the bacchanalian song, "Il segreto per esser felice," from *Lucrezia Borgia*. The concert concluded with Martini's comic trio, "Vadasi via di qua," (Albani, Mrs. and Mr. Weiss) which sent the audience home, with satisfaction in their hearts and joy in their faces. I left the room in a state of extacy. "What do you think of her?" asked a gentleman. "She is a glorious girl!" I could only answer; but if now a person ask me, "What is the Segreto per esser felice?" I should say, "Hear Albani sing."—Your enthusiastic correspondent, TEUTONIUS.

MR. AND MRS. KEAN.

(From the "Plymouth Times.")

MR. AND MRS. KEAN's engagement closed on Friday last. An additional night, however (Saturday), was added, in consequence of the great demand for another repetition of Lovell's

popular play of the *Wife's Secret*. Although the material of the piece is slight, and certainly not without precedence in the essential of the plot, it is yet of a highly interesting character, well put together, and richly deserving of the great favor it has obtained with the public. As a dramatic representation, it displays very forcibly the powerful talents and rich resources of Mr. and Mrs. Kean, in every thing essential to their art. The house was, as usual, extremely full. The audience, throughout the play, appeared as if riveted in breathless attention, by the noble and perfect display of the conflicting passions and emotions called forth in the leading characters, upon which the interest was concentrated. Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean's personification of *Sir Walter* and *Lady Amyot* is beyond all praise. The terrible, yet subdued and bitter agony which the hero of the piece evinced in contemplating the wreck of his dearest domestic ties, had an overwhelming effect. It appeared as if some great master spirit of former days had, in this greatly depressed state of the English drama, risen up to snatch it from oblivion. Mrs. Kean, in *Lady Amyot*, was equally intense in interest; and, from the nature of the character, still more touching—we may say fearfully impressive. We much doubt if there has been anything altogether equal to it since the days of Mrs. Siddons. The burst of feeling on finding her brother within the grasp of his pursuers, and her total abandonment to despair, on believing him to be shot down by the carbines of her husband's troop, still dwell on our recollections: her shriek still rings in our ears; and it is not too much to pronounce the acting of these accomplished artists in this play as a *chef d'œuvre*, and as a triumph in the history of the British stage. Although the pretensions of Mr. Kean to rank with men of the highest dramatic intellectual power and culture is beyond all question, yet perhaps no one who ever embarked on the precarious and stormy sea of a professional theatrical life, has ever enjoyed so high a degree of public favor, and so little encouragement from the public press. The number of small, ill-natured criticisms which have appeared, with a view of detracting from his merits, or the neglect and cold indifference evinced when his performances were beyond their reach, stands strikingly contrasted with the rapturous ebullitions of applause which have been everywhere showered on him. Without the aid and advantages of a long continued metropolitan career, Mr. Charles Kean has almost everywhere within the theatrical circle of the empire enjoyed the highest practical popularity. Witness the overflowing houses which have met him, not only in this town, but from John O'Groat's house to the Land's End. We are not disposed to undervalue fair public criticism: to say Mr. Kean is beyond this would be to claim more than has ever yet been claimed for any one who has yet graced the stage. But this we say, that few gentlemen have ever brought to the bar of theatrical merit a greater amount of power in identifying the acting with the part acted, and in abstracting the mind of an audience from the unreality of the scene. We hope yet to see Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean lending their powerful aid in again raising the English drama in the metropolis high in the scale of public feeling. We are quite certain they must necessarily meet with deserved encouragement from those whose business it is to uphold and support the English stage. We may then hope to see something less than two columns of a London print devoted to an elaborate critique of an Italian opera, or a French play, and some little space given to a fair notice—however brief—of our own native drama, and the encouragement of English worth. Sir Edward Bulwer's play of *Money* was played on Friday to an overflowing house, for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Kean, and was, as usual, most attractive. The

curtain fell amidst the most enthusiastic applause. The town cannot too highly appreciate the labours and services of Mr. Newcombe, the manager, in having furnished us with so rich an intellectual treat as that we have experienced during the last week. Having engaged a talented and excellent company the different pieces brought forward have been most admirably sustained, and no expence spared. We confidently hope all this will be met on the part of the public with a proportionate amount of patronage.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

It appears we are to have an *embarras de richesse* in the way of music this season, as I understand that spirited *entrepreneur*, Mr. Rowe, urged on by the success of Albani, has engaged Grisi and Mario to sing at a concert on the 12th of October. They have ever been most successful here, but I hope we shall not be numbered among those who "don't understand music," for I think the divine Grisi will recognise many faces as *habitués* of the Opera, both at the Royal Italian and Paris, therefore any falling off on her part would be deeply felt by those who were witnesses of her brilliant triumphs last season. On Monday last Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Messrs. Frazer, Horncastle, and Leffler, made their appearance at the theatre in Rossini's popular opera of *Cinderella*; added to these vocalists, Mr. Tully conducted in a manner that proved him worthy of the praise invariably bestowed on him. It is needless to make any lengthened remarks on artistes so well known to the public. Miss Rebecca Isaacs sung with much taste and feeling; and Miss Horncastle, as the fairy, proved herself an accomplished musician. Mrs. Watson and Miss Aldridge, as the two Sisters, did all that was necessary for their unthankful parts. Frazer, Leffler, and Horncastle were in excellent voice, and were most favourably received. At the fall of the curtain they were called for, and appeared, accompanied by Emery, who played remarkably well the part of Pedro, to share the honours of the evening. The opera was put on the stage in magnificent style, the scenery being painted by Grieve, Telbin, and Channing. The ball room scene by the latter, with an illuminated chateau in the background was splendidly painted, and well deserved the lengthened plaudits it received on the rise of the curtain. The most minute particulars were attended to in the getting up; it must have cost Mr. Newcombe a very considerable sum of money; but I am glad to say his liberal spirit is readily responded to by the inhabitants of Plymouth, for the business is excellent.

T. E. B.

MUSIC AT CHELTENHAM.

(From the Cheltenham Journal.)

MR. WOODWARD'S concert, on Thursday evening last, at the Assembly Rooms, proved a truly brilliant affair. The attendance was numerous, for although the place was not crowded to overflow, still it was what is generally called a "full" concert, and was graced by the presence of those standing high in the rank and fashion of Cheltenham. The great attraction was Madlle. Albani, whose fame, in our opinion, has not at all outrun her abilities, and who by her wonderful skill entranced her hearers. Every composition appeared to be truthfully rendered, and not only so, but adorned with every ornament which the resources of the art can supply. Her enunciation so clear—her intonation fault-

less—and at the same time the whole is given in such a facile manner, with the entire absence of the slightest symptom of difficulty. Her duo with Mr. Weiss "*Dunque io Son*," from *Il Barbiere*, called forth a hearty encore. The Tyrolean Scena "*In questo semplice*," was listened to with breathless silence, and at its conclusion a repetition was called for, and the fair cantatrice then substituted the favorite Brindisi, from *Lucrezia Borgia*, in which she introduced a shake of such length, and of such splendid articulation, that the walls of the concert room rang with the plaudits of the company as she retired from the stage. There is one thing connected with this delightful songstress which has not been noticed by either of our cotemporaries of Saturday, but to which we feel bound to refer. The instructor of Albani was that mighty emperor of the Italian opera, the matchless Rossini. What a treat then for an intelligent and sensible audience to listen to the dramatic effusions of such a mind as his properly interpreted by his favorite pupil. Properly interpreted we repeat; for, alas, very often—too often indeed—has the music of Rossini been so altered by capricious vocalists that the mighty master could not recognize it again. Mrs. Weiss possesses a sweet voice and satisfactorily performed the part allotted to her in the programme. Her husband, Mr. Weiss, has a voice rich in tone and extensive in compass;—his cavatina of "*Sentinel*" was well received. Signor Schepens, a buffo, is a powerful singer, but his gesticulation is carried to the extreme. Mr. Lindsay Sloper, who presided at the piano-forte, is an admirable musician and possesses considerable talent. Miss Kennedy, who has lately come to reside in Cheltenham, gave two performances on the harp. That in the first part proved somewhat of a failure in consequence of the wretched condition of the instrument. Altogether the entertainment was a rich treat of the lovers of "sweet sounds." It is only to be regretted that such attractions are not more frequently presented in Cheltenham.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ADELPHI.—A numerous audience was attracted to this favored little theatre on Wednesday night, partly drawn thither to witness the extensive alterations made in the interior, of which the majority of the press gave timely notice, and to which the heading of the bills bore ample report. Indeed we may aver that on this occasion the bills, usually inclined to lean to the side of hyperbole, have betokened no figure of speech. The announcement in the "posters" was literally within the truth; and great as was the expectation raised by print and rumor, the spectators were not a whit disappointed by the aspect of the house.

We gave last week a rough sketch of the alterations and decorations. With this our readers must rest content, as words cannot very well convey all that has been effected. To the frequenters of the Adelphi we would simply point to the lightness of the whole house and its symmetrical appearance; to the ceiling which has been designed with excellent taste; to the curtains of the boxes and the admirable contrast effected by the color of the lining; and above all, to the superior commodiousness and convenience obtained in every part. It is but just to acknowledge that all these changes have been accomplished under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Manby, who has for many years officiated as a worthy and energetic member of the establishment.

The performances were old favorites, consisting of *Harvest Home* and *Going to the Derby*. It is unnecessary to add that all the actors were most heartily welcomed in turn, and that there

were several calls at the end, of which that of Madame Celeste was foremost. The fair manageress was received with due enthusiasm.

The National Anthem was sung in the course of the evening, Mr. Webster appearing in the midst of the group. His appearance called forth a loud cheer from the entire house.

No theatre could re-open under happier auspices.

SADLER'S WELLS.—This favourite little theatre, after a lapse of nearly six months, opened for the season on Wednesday evening to a house crammed from the floor to the roof. The interior has been entirely redecorated, and now presents an appearance which may successfully bear a comparison with most of the huge rivals of this establishment. The ornaments are wrought in white on a bright crimson ground, relieved by yellow satin cushions to the boxes, the whole having an elegant and warm appearance. The play was *Coriolanus*, which has been got up with that attention to *ensemble* and unity of effect, both in performers and appointments, for which this theatre is well known. The character of Coriolanus requires varied powers in the actor, and for this reason, among others, it will probably rank among Mr. Phelps's most successful efforts. His best scenes were those in which the haughty patrician warrior, being brought into direct contact with the populace, occur the most vehement bursts of indignation and contempt. If the last scene was inferior to these, it was rather from the want of the prodigious physical energy there required, than from lack of will or conception in the performer. Of Miss Glyn, the new *Volumnia*, we must see more ere we can speak with confidence, as she seemed to be throughout the evening in a state of painful nervousness. She is a pupil of Mr. Charles Kemble (who sat in a front box listening to the play with great interest and attention). In person Miss Glyn is about the middle height, dark and finely formed. Her voice is weak, although not unmelodious; her action easy and graceful, although somewhat studied, a fault to be looked for in a debutante. To enter more largely into her qualifications at present, might be hardly doing justice either to her or to ourselves. The robust humour of the blunt Menenius was well delivered by Mr. A. Young. Among the stage arrangements, the grouping of the last scene deserves particular mention.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS.—The *Revue Musicale* states that the director of the *Théâtre-Italien* and the members of the orchestra have settled their differences, and that M. Tilmant will retain his post as *chef d'orchestre*. The artistes of the vocal corps are MM. Lablache, Ronconi, Morelli, Arnoldi, Luchesi, Bordas, Soldi, Daifori, Bonconsiglio, Mesdames Persiani, Castellan, Angelina Bosio, Ronconi, Clary, Sara, Bellini, and the *maitre de chant*, M. Jazzone. The prices of admission will be reduced for the ensuing season.

BRUSSELS.—M. Massol has not been able to form his operatic corps in time to open the *Théâtre de la Monnaie* during the fêtes which are about to commence. The Burgomaster has therefore authorised the old corps, who have formed themselves into a joint stock company, to open the theatre for a temporary season. M. Massol will, however, retain all the privileges of his official appointment.

ARX-LA-CHAPELLE.—Vivier is here still; his extraordinary talent has produced its usual effect. One of the local journals says, with truth, that Vivier should be considered as the inventor of the horn; for he has produced effects quite new from this difficult instrument. Vivier played a short time since at

a concert given for the benefit of the poor, and he has been solicited to accept a lucrative engagement at the theatre.

MUNICH.—The statue of Gluck, cast in bronze—the pedestal of which has already been erected in the centre of the *Place de l'Odéon*—will be inaugurated in a few days. Gluck was born in the village of Weissenwagen, in the *haut Palatinat*, a country which, at the time of Gluck's birth, belonged to Austria, but which actually formed a part of the kingdom of Bavaria.

HAMBURG.—It is now the golden age of the ballet at the *Théâtre de la Ville*. Scarcely has Fanny Ellsler left us than Lucile Grahn appears, Lucile Grahn is *la danseuse de bravoure, par excellence*, and in the technical department of her art she is perfection. The ballet, *Catarina*, in which Lucile made her *début*, has met with the greatest success.

LONDON THEATRES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

(From the *Athenæum*.)

OUR old London localities are fast passing away;

"Where's Troy? and where's the Maypole in the Strand?"

Messrs. Pullen and Son disposed on Monday last, "by order of the Royal College of Surgeons," of all that remained of Copeland's China Repository in Portugal-street, formerly Old Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre. We were present on the day of sale, for the sake of saying farewell to the yellow and red brick building, with its old Queen Anne staircase and its massive patched timber roof. The scene was a suggestive one. Instead of finding Quin or Spiller in sock or buskin in what must have been the old painting-room at the top of the house, we had men with measured step treading this way and that—actor-like almost—but with a different purpose; and instead of seeing

"Cato's long wig, flowered gown, and lackered chair,"

or hearing an heroic line from Fenton's "Marianne" (originally produced, by the way, in this very house), you had dealers from Horsleydown and Jews from St. Mary Axe, anxious only to pick up a good load of timber at a good rate.

The theatre, now nearly level with the ground, was the third Lincoln's Inn Fields on the same site, and stood in Portugal-row, on the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the back of what is now the Royal College of Surgeons. It originally extended as far back as the frontage of the houses on the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, but the chief entrance was in Portugal-row or Portugal-street, because the south side of the square was of little importance when the theatre was built, and Portugal-row was what it long continued to be, a fashionable place of residence. We may see much the same arrangements in Piccadilly at the present day:—the church of St. James's, (built by Wren,) presenting its best front—not in Piccadilly—(from which point it would now be seen,) but to Jermy-n-street, then a fashionable street, and to the opening into the still fashionable St. James's-square. The first theatre was originally a tennis-court, converted into the Duke's Theatre by Sir William Davenant, and opened in the spring of 1662, with new scenes and decorations—"being the first," says old Downes, the prompter, "that ere were introduced into England." Whenever Pepys, in his diary, mentions the Duke's Theatre, he alludes to Lincoln's Inn. Here Betterton became distinguished; Here Charles II. fell in love with Moll Davies, and the last Earl of Oxford with Betty Davenport; and here the company performed till

November the 9th, 1671, when they removed to Dorset-Gardens, at the bottom of Salisbury-square, in Fleet-street. Lincoln's Inn Theatre was now closed, and remained shut till the 26th of February, 1671-2; when the King's company, under Killigrew, burnt out at Drury-lane, played in it for the first time, Dryden supplying a new prologue for the occasion. The company remained here till the 26th of March, 1673-4, when they returned to their own locality in Drury-lane; and Davenant's deserted theatre became for twenty years more a tennis court again. Such is the history of the *first* theatre. The *second* theatre on the same site was "fitted up for a tennis court" by Congreve, Betterton, Mrs. Barry, and Mrs. Bracegirdle, and opened on the 30th of April, 1695, with (first time) Congreve's comedy of "Love for Love." The epilogue (spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle) alludes to the former uses of the place:

"Our audience which did once resort
To shining theatres to see our sport,
Now finds us toss'd into a tennis court.
These walls but t'other day were fill'd with noise
Of roaring gamblers and your *dame* boys;
Then bounding balls and rackets they encompast,
And now they're filled with jests and flights and bombast."

Cibber speaks of the house as "but small and poorly fitted up," and adds in another place that the alterations were made by a voluntary subscription, "many people of quality" contributing twenty and some forty guineas apiece in aid of the general expenses. Here the company played for the last time on the 31st of March, 1704-5, and then removed to Vanbrugh's new house in the Haymarket, now the Opera House, where they played for the first time on the following 9th of April. The *second* theatre was occasionally used after this for theatrical performances, and was finally pulled down by the celebrated Christopher Rich; and the *third* theatre on the same site (the house sold by auction on Monday last) opened on the 18th of December, 1714. Rich had died a few weeks before the house was ready, and the prologue on the first night was spoken by his son dressed in a suit of mourning. The success of the son (John Rich) was very great. Here he introduced pantomimes among us for the first time, playing harlequin himself, and achieving a reputation in the part that has not been eclipsed. Here Quin played all his celebrated characters. Here, on the 29th of January, 1727-8, the *Beggar's Opera* was originally brought out, and with such success that it was acted sixty-two nights in one season and occasioned the saying that it made Gay Rich and Rich Gay. Here Miss Lavinia Fenton, the original Polly Peachum of the piece, won the heart of the Duke of Bolton, whose Duchess she subsequently became; and in this, the *third* theatre on the same site, Rich remained till his removal, 7th of December, 1732, to the first Covent-garden theatre, so called in the modern acceptance of the name. The house was subsequently leased for a short time by Giffard, from Goodman's-fields; and in 1756 it was transformed into a barrack for 1,400 men. It was last used as a china repository, and is now taken down to enlarge the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Since I answered the letter of your correspondent which bore the signature of "Teutonus," he has crept as it were from his chrysalis state into that of the soaring moth, still I cannot congratulate him on any improvement by the change, for he appears to be still fluttering in the dark as hopelessly as it can be possible; and to carry the simile a

little farther, is by the manner of introducing his name to the public, making most successful efforts to bring his own musical career here to a corresponding period with that brief-lived insect.

I must tell him here, in the outset of my letter, that I shall not continue a paper war with him; for though there may be some honor in fight, much depends on the nature of one's adversary: when I remember the number of false statements he has put forward as truth, there is no vanity in telling him that we do stand on a par with each other, even notwithstanding he has been pupil of Schneider, a name which is less familiar to us in England as a musician, than as in connection with a totally different profession.

The various changes which he has made have been well refuted, and those which he has attempted to creep out of have been about as lame an affair as that tale of his about Rossini, the merit of which anecdote consists solely in its having a great taste of freshness about it.

Your correspondent remarks that I was premature in my surmise as to who Teutonus was; in this he is correct, though it seems I might have made a *worse* guess. I certainly did not believe for a moment that any Foreigner who had come so recently amongst us would have had enough assurance to publish such a series of mis-statements. His motive (which cannot be realized, as a good one would have been immediately) has been a puzzle to those who were disposed to be his friends, and has led me to ask myself the following questions.

If he is disgusted with the low state of our music here, and is anxious to make a reformation, can he think that he has selected a plan likely to lead to a good result?

If he is come here to earn a good name, does he in his wildest dreams (and I know Germans have wild dreams) think he will get it?

Or if his object be to obtain pupils and gain a livelihood, can he for a moment suppose that those who have read his (what I still consider) unfeeling letter, will be disposed to co-operate with him?

There are plenty of musical professors here, no doubt, with abilities for teaching equal to his own, (it might be superior,) and with as fervent a love for the classical as he himself is anxious to make us believe he possesses; with this borne in mind I really think he could be spared;—I do indeed. There is reformation wanted in his own country, of which we have abundant proofs in the clusters of green bloused youths who get drafted over here in summer time, and whose torturing clarionets are often enough to drive even a Bristol amateur to despair. Would it not be very like a Samaritan of him to turn his missionary efforts homeward, as he does not seem anxious to do good here, and might have a chance amongst those, who have possibly the happy facility of construing what he says into what he means? But I merely suggest this to him.

With regard to my own former letter I think it is pretty certain that your correspondent made his shrewd guess (of its "having emanated from the pen of a brass band man") less from the harshness of its tone, than from the signature at the bottom, which told him plainly who had written it. However, the gentleman is not at all particular; in one part of his letter, (referring to his former statement that Mr. Cooper's concert did not give satisfaction, was not well attended, &c.) he directs attention to the critical remarks of a correspondent at page 596; when I examined this, I found that it flatly contradicted Teutonus, as has been before done. For this compliment he says he is much obliged, so that it appears your correspondent is obliged to any one who tells him indirectly he is speaking falsely, but objects to be called directly a perverter of the truth. He says that the opening part of my letter gave him a clue to the spirit which prompted it, which he describes as offended vanity—this is his opinion. I have the satisfaction of knowing that it was more akin to just indignation at reading the wanton attack which he made, and in a manner which has been universally condemned; and this latter I defy him to disprove.

Indeed, his last letter, as well as the preceding, contains some very curious parts. He says the idea of depreciating the family of Mr. Distin never entered his head; how came he then to make remarks which that gentleman could construe into no other meaning? Again, he innocently enquires, "suppose all my statements had been wrong, would any man be justified in attributing to me sinister motives for making these wrong statements? Also his *little joke* about the Madrigals, which he says ought to have been considered pure musical criticism, is funny enough. And after being kind enough to extend a pardon to myself, in a subsequent part of his letter he says he shall not let me escape. This is alike incomprehensible, but I dare say your correspondent has a method of his own to elucidate all this. His foresight too is wonderful in knowing "what galls the brass band man most," which "was because he called my society insignificant," and then he says, that to hide my mortification, I defend the Amateur Glee Club. How far I did this it is easy to find by referring to my letter, in which, as regards that society, I used scarcely any more words than were contained in his own epistle, (as they followed,) and then only to show the absurdity of a statement of his, which was so evident as scarcely to require any exposition. I would ask

him or your readers whether it appeared really to them that I did try to hide my mortification by defending the Glee Club? I did about as much defend that society as I am now defending your correspondent, by taking parts of his letters, comparing them, and showing him their fallacy. I also did not say the Classical Harmonist Society was wasting away through lack of funds and encouragement; I spoke generally when I said it pained me to see my society sinking from such a cause, so that I did not, as he says, corroborate his statement. I have no reason to know that the society is (as Teutoniun facetiously observes) dying, neither do I hope that its end is so nigh as he has tried to make us believe, and wished for himself. His having recommended the society to die is very like the conduct of the obscure vulture who hovers over the expiring carcass with a design to do a little for himself as soon as animation has departed.

Your correspondent also reminds me of the old proverb of a drowning man catching at straws, for the arguments he lays hold of for support are just about as serviceable for keeping him up.

He will recollect asking for and obtaining a programme of our last concert; having done so, why descend to such a paltry means of establishing former assertions, as to remark that the concert consisted of marches, waltzes, polkas and quadrilles, thereby leaving those not present and unacquainted with the programme, to suppose that this was all the description of music played; he must have observed in the same programme such music as "Vi Ravisio" of Bellini, "Fac ut Portem" from the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, the cavatina, "Robert toi que j'aime," and others, knowing as he did that these last were more meritorious than those he mentioned, why leave them out entirely? I can assure him this, the whole object of a falsehood is to deceive another party; in leaving out the names of these pieces, just as if they had not been performed, he has practised a deception with this aim, and consequently this statement may be added to his many others as destitute of truth.

In three letters which followed each other in No. 38 of the *Musical World*, what can your correspondent think of being charged in each with circulating circumstances of this nature? It is not at all flattering. He seems to have struck out—quite out—a new course for a musical man, but whether it is a creditable method I need not stop to enquire. The success will be doubtless just such as it deserved.

If I may venture on giving him advice, I would urge him by all means to abandon that practice (which he is so perfect in) of misrepresentation, he is sure to be found out, exposed, and laughed at. Above all, I would strongly recommend him charity, and when he finds others less expert than himself, let him (if competent) give a little useful advice in a modest way; this will win him the affection of those he would teach; but to run a muck as he has done, he will stand just the same chance as one of the canine species under great excitement, (which must not surprise him,) for every one he snaps at will try to have a cut at him, and in the end he will come off worst.

In conclusion, lest your correspondent should accuse me of an anxiety to hide my name as well as mortification—I beg to subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD S. BAYSTON,
Hon. Sec. of the B. A. B. Band.

10 St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol,
Sept. 27, 1848.

PROGRESSIVE CADENCES.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR,—I shall be much obliged by the insertion of the following *Errata* to the communications on Cadence of last week:—

Example—2nd, for C sharp read A sharp, second bar; 3rd, for four sharps read six sharps, bass clef; 3rd, for E read D sharp, second bar; 3rd, for G flat read A natural, second bar; 4th, for five flats read six flats, bass clef; 4th, for F read D flat, third bar bass; 5th, for four flats read five flats, bass clef; 5th, for F read D flat, fourth bar (treble C); 7th, for B read B sharp, third bar (treble C); 8th, for C sharp read A, third bar, bass.—Also, for Kinch read RINCH.—I am, faithfully yours,
WILLIAM ASPULL.

REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

"O, say you love me." *Ballad; the words by ELIZA COOK; the music by Mrs. J. PASSINGHAM.*—DUFF and HODGSON.

PLAIN and quietly written, but with good feeling and intention. The words are in Eliza's Cook's happiest vein. The elision "T'hear," is hardly admissible, and if it were it would be far from euphonious. Mrs. Passingham might have avoided

this by having a quaver to the word "to," preceding the bar. The accompaniments are of the simplest possible.

"Onward, onward thro' the Waters." *Barcarole, duet for two soprano voices and piano; composed by FREDERICK KUCKEN; the English Version by LEOPOLD WRAY, Esq.*

"Beneath the Bower." *Duet for two sopranos and piano; composed by FREDERICK KUCKEN; the English Version by LEOPOLD WRAY, Esq.—WASSER and Co.*

THE above duets will be found deserving attention. The barcarole, No. 1, has a pleasing and flowing subject, and the voices are neatly and skilfully arranged. The second has more merit in our eyes, but we do not think it would meet with so much favor as the first, as it demands [for its just accomplishment a greater amount of vocal knowledge than is possessed by the general run of amateur duet-singers, for whom, we fancy, the duets were mainly indited. The accompaniments are full and well varied, and exhibit Mr. Kucken in a very favourable light as a musician of taste and judgment. We can recommend the duets as happy specimens of the graceful and airy class of vocal compositions. The words are well paraphrased, and sufficiently preserve the spirit of the original German. Both German and English words are supplied in the text.

"In Youth's Happy Morning." *Ballad, composed and dedicated to Miss WILLIAMS, by HENRY SMART.*

"I'm under thy Window." *Song, written by GEORGE LINLEY; composed by HENRY SMART.—LEADER and COCK.*

MR. HENRY SMART's ballad effusions always evince the graceful and elegant writer, and the two songs before us form no exception to that rule. The ballad, "In Youth's Happy Morning," has felicitously aimed at and attained the old style of vocal compositions, without retaining any of the triteness and insipidity that distinguished those productions. It is most certain that Mr. Smart could have derived but little inspiration from the words of the above songs, for more spiritless poetizing we have seldom perused, and to fashion a melody therefrom, and to clothe such feeble rhymes in living sounds proves no mean powers in the composer. Mr. George Linley's words, more especially, are objectionable on the score of flatness and pointlessness. The very first line of the song, "I'm under the window," manifests an intrepidity of style and a tautological boldness that never before urged lyric poet to rush into rhyme:—

"I'm under thy window, come hither, come here,"

and reminds us forcibly of the line in an old ballad we have read somewhere:—

"My wife had a Mother, a Mammy, a Ma."

Mr. George Linley, we understand, accuses us of other causes than those derived from just criticism in so frequently finding fault with his lines. We can hardly quarrel with Mr. Linley on this account. Mothers see no deformity in their offspring, though they be numbered with the halt and the blind: and it is possible, with all their deformity, that Mr. Linley looks upon his offspring with the unsparing eye of maternal affection. When Mr. Linley, by learning a little more English, becomes better acquainted with grammar, and better instructed in the uses of words—to say nothing of the beauty of periods and the harmony of numbers, which are reserved for the scholar and the student—then may he be taught to look upon his verses with a true

measure of their value, and proclaim them very pitiful stuff. For our own part, we cannot imagine what other motive Mr. Linley can attribute to us in castigating his poor attempts at lyric composition than that necessary one of true criticism, which induces the writer to expose pretensions under every shape, and which acts like a winnowing machine by driving away the chaff and preserving the wheat. Why we should be actuated by any sinister feeling against Mr. Linley, it is hard to make out. It is neither our creed nor our duty to overlook the attempts of bunglers and pretenders in a noble art, nor shall we be ever driven from our stool of criticism by threats—at which we laugh; nor by inuendos, which could originate only from a brain as little capable of estimating the imperative obligations of the critical art, as of moulding verse into form and beauty. We find no fault with Mr. Linley for viewing his compositions with the eye of affection—*si vult decipi, decipiatur*—but we must take them as we find them.

Mr. John Roe's words are little better than rhymed prose, and prose not well rhymed. The word "starting," which ends the first line, is inharmonious, and wanting in elegance. What on earth is the meaning of the term "wanderer truthful?" Mr. Roe's song is better written than Mr. Linley's, but surely neither the one nor the other deserve the name of poetry. Oh! Mr. Henry Smart! a musician like you should not be without the judgment to distinguish the true from the false in lyric writing.

"No, Non Vedrete Mai;" *Canzone, Scritta da METASTASIO; composta e dedicata alla Stimatissima SIGNORA DONNA CHIARA VANNUCELLI, da CARLO SALAMAN.*

"Sol tu Sei;" *Canzone, Scritta da METASTASIO, composta e dedicata alla Stimatissima SIGNOR DONNA CHIARA VANNUCELLI, da CARLO SALAMAN.*

"Placido Zeffiretto;" *Canzonetta, Scritta da METASTASIO, composta e dedicata alla Stimatissima SIGNOR DONNA CHIARA VANNUCELLI, da CARLO SALAMAN.—CHAS. AND ROBT. OLLIVIER.*

MR. CARLO, or Charles Salaman is, as the title-page informs us, an honorary associate of the St. Cecilia Academy, and of the Philharmonic Academy of Rome. The three canzoni submitted to us for review have a good deal of merit. We prefer the "Sol tu sei," as being exceedingly simple, and possessing a pleasing and flowing subject. The "Placido Zeffiretto" will also find admirers. It was this very beautiful canzone of Metastasio, that, in its translation into English, furnished Sterndale Bennett with a poetical vehicle for one of the most beautiful ballads in English composition. We need hardly mention the "Gentle Zephyr, tell me why?" which must be familiar to most of our readers. It would be invidious to draw a comparison between the ballad of Sterndale Bennett and the canzone of Mr. Salaman. The latter, however, has pretensions of its own that entitle it to commendation. We can recommend these effusions of Mr. Salaman on the score of neatness and simplicity.

PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—On Monday evening, Miss Isaacs took her benefit, and the fullness of the house showed how much this young lady has grown in the estimation of the Brighton public. The performance commenced with the last act from *Cinderella*. The last scene was very effectively executed. An odd sort of piece, adapted from one of Boz's works by Mr. Horncastle, called the *Crummleses*, kept the house in a roar of laughter. Mr. Horncastle played the pompous manager "of Portsmouth Theatre" in capital style, and gave Miss Beaumont an opportunity to appear to advantage as an operatic dancer. After an exhibition by "Ceda" and the Columbian artists, the *Beggar's Opera* was better

played by far than we remember to have seen it at any provincial theatre. This piece was originally written, as every one knows, as a satire on the Italian Opera. The old melodies were charmingly sung by Miss Isaacs, without the introduction of the least ornament whatever. This was in accordance with the best taste. On Tuesday the old English opera of *Love in a Village* was performed. The performances closed with the repetition, but not, we hope, for the last time, as announced, of the *Daughter of the Regiment*. The house was crowded to the ceiling. The scene in which she beats the drum with so much feminine energy was loudly encored. The drum is not beaten by Jenny Lind in this scene; but it is an improvement and a decided hit. The operatic company has rapidly risen in public favor since its commencement, and Miss Isaacs has become a great favorite, being rapturously cheered whenever she makes her appearance. These operas in our English dress have been injured in the estimation of the public by those abominable melo-dramas of the same name; but nothing can long prevent the music of Bellini and Rossini being valued, though it labour even under the great disadvantage of being adapted to English words, and damaged by the introduction of clap-trap dialogue. Gold is still valued if mixed with alloy. On Thursday evening an opera, new at least to Brighton, called *Jeannette and Jeannot*, was introduced. It is the production of Mr. Tully, so well known in town as a colleague of Mr. Balfe. It contained one or two pretty airs, and a trio, which was the best production in the opera. In consequence of the hoarseness of Mr. Leffler, the piece suffered from want of a fuller bass. After the agile displays of Ceda, the opponent, we suppose, of Juba, the English version of Donizetti's opera, *The Daughter of the Regiment*, was again performed, and Miss Isaacs never appeared to more advantage in this character.—*Brighton Herald.*

LIVERPOOL.—ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—Mr. Wm. Farten and Mrs. Glover, two of the highest ornaments of the British stage, have been playing during the past week in several of their favorite characters, but we are sorry to say, that all the audiences have been very scanty. Why, it is impossible to tell; but Mr. Copeland will, we fear, be any thing but recompensed for his endeavours to please the playgoers of Liverpool. Miss Glover has been a great attraction at the Amphitheatre, where her performances have displayed considerable talent. Her Ferdinand, in Mr. Brough's burlesque, was well worthy of high praise.—*Liverpool Chronicle.*

IBID.—THEATRE ROYAL.—Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mr. Buckstone, and Mr. James Browne, have been performing here during the week. The two former close their engagement this evening. Whatever opinion may be formed of Mr. Buckstone's talents as an actor, there can be no doubt that he is a very successful dramatist, and the farces which have been produced during the week, have been mostly from his pen. *The Flowers of the Forest*, *The Green Bushes*, and *The Rough Diamond*, have been the leading attractions. Mrs. Fitzwilliam exhibits the same talent and versatility which distinguished her in former years, and Mr. Browne has lost none of those racy powers, as a comedian, which have made him so deservedly popular here. Mr. Buckstone was very funny in the *Rough Diamond*, a farce which compensates in drollery for its want of novelty.—*Ibid.*

BRISTOL.—The first of Mr. Templeton's delightful entertainments took place on Monday, at the Princes'-street Assembly Rooms, when Mr. Templeton gave the fine old English songs of "Old Towler," "The Soldier's Tear," and the "Heaving of the Lead." He also sang several Scotch songs: "My ain kind Dearie," "There cam a young mon," and the glorious "Laird o Cockpen," songs combining all the pathos and humour of Scotland's airs, and which a Scotchman, as Mr. Templeton is, can so well feel. "Old Towler," the old hunting song, was rapturously applauded. Mr. Blewett concluded the evening, by singing his truly comic song, "My wife is a woman of mind." On Thursday evening, Mr. Templeton gave another entertainment at the Assembly Rooms. The old song of "Sally in our Alley," was encored amidst thundering applause. "The Jolly Beggar," "Green grow the Rashies, O," followed, and were encored. The naval song of "The Bay of Biscay," fell flatly, or at least, Mr. T. striving at too high an effect, rather overdid his action. "Abercrombie's Death," was more successful from less ambitious attempts; "Jack o' Hazledean," was also sweetly sung. The veteran Blewett sang "Courtin's very charming," and his favorite, "The little fat grey man," with great humour, and although the audience, with kind deference to his age, did not encore him, their vociferous laughter loudly testified their delight. In consequence of the numbers that have been unable to gain admission at each entertainment, Mr. Templeton proposes to give one more evening, with a selection of fresh songs, on Monday next.—*Felix Farley's Journal.*

IBID.—The delightful actress, Mrs. Nisbett, appeared on our boards, together with her sister, Miss Jane Mordaunt, on Monday, when

Sheridan Knowles's *Love Chase* was performed. Mrs. Nisbett sustained the part of Constance without the slightest abatement of the brilliancy which characterised her original rendering. Her merry laugh rang with as silver and joyous a sound as ever. The company acquitted themselves with great credit. The character of Wildrake was well sustained by Mr. Bland. Miss Mordaunt performed Lydia with taste and feeling. In the afterpiece, Mrs. Nisbett again appeared as Biddy Nutts, in Buckstone's drama of the *Dream at Sea*, and acted admirably the warm-hearted *soubrette*. In this piece, too, our local actors had excellent parts, and did full justice to them. Mr. Bland acted Lance with great feeling without falling much into the "Ercles vein." Miss Mordaunt gave effect to the pathetic situations of Anne Trevanion. On Wednesday Mrs. Nisbett took her benefit, and appeared with Miss Mordaunt in the amusing pieces of *Wives as they were and Maids as they are*, and the *Dead Shot*. On both occasions there were good houses. Last night Mrs. Nisbett took her benefit, which, we are sorry to say, did not attract so numerous a company as we expected to see; the scanty attendance at the theatre, must be attributed to the appearance of Alboni at the Victoria Rooms. In the play, *London Assurance*, Mrs. Nisbett's acting was up to her usual excellence.—*Ibid.*

FAC-SIMILE OF AN OLD PLAY-BILL.

(WITHOUT DATE.)

AT THE
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In COVENT-GARDEN,

This present MONDAY, being the 16th of December,

WILL BE PERFORM'D

A New ITALIAN BURLETTA,

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La Famiglia de Bertoldi,

ALLA CORTE

Del R^É ALBOINO.

The Music by Signor VINCENTI CIAMPI.

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Boxes 5s. Pit 3s. First Gallery 2s. Upper Gallery 1s.

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She Wou'd and She Wou'd Not.

For the Benefit of a Citizen's Family under Misfortunes.

The FIFTH DAY. On Wednesday

CORIOLANUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BELL v. DELAFIELD.—*Evening Costume*.—In the Westminster County Court, an action was brought last week by the plaintiff, an architect, against Mr. E. Delafield the proprietor

of the Royal Italian Opera, to recover the sum of 10s. 6d., the value of an orchestra stall ticket, numbered 219. Mr. Bell stated that on the 23rd of August he purchased a stall ticket for the orchestra, at the Opera box-office, in Bow-street; but on presenting himself with it in the evening he was refused admission on the ground that he was not in evening costume. The great objection to him was in consequence of his wearing a frock coat. The judge said the proprietors had a right to make regulations with respect to dress, but no right to refuse to return money when the party presenting one of the tickets was not admitted. An order was then made for the payment of the money with costs forthwith.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—The friendly evening meetings of the members and associates were resumed at 23, Berners-street, on Thursday evening, the 28th instant, at seven o'clock; the second will be on Monday evening, October 3, and they will be continued every alternate Monday. Three musical evenings will also be held at 23, Berners-street, on Mondays, October 2nd, 16th, and 30th, to which members and associates only will be admitted; but to which each member and associate who attends personally will have the privilege of admitting one friend. There will also be three chamber concerts, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on the evenings of Mondays, November 13 and 27, and December 11.

MESSRS. DISTIN'S CONCERT.—A farewell concert will be given by the above talented family previous to their departure for America, on the evening of Monday week, at Drury-lane, under the especial patronage of her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert. The engagements are numerous, and comprise nearly all the available musical means at present in the metropolis. For particulars we refer our readers to advertisement.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—This popular place of amusement opens on Monday next. The interior of the house has been remodelled, renovated and decorated during the recess. Several alterations have been made, and a new chandelier has been provided. The company announced presents a goodly array of operatic, comic, and choregraphic forces. Mr. Maddox determines on making opera his *point d'appui*. Mdlle. Nau, who has so great a reputation as a *cantatrice* in Paris, is engaged, and will make her appearance forthwith. Many novelties are alluded to in the bills, and we have no doubt that Mr. Maddox will put his shoulder to the wheel like one determined to set his vehicle a going. The bills do not state the performances for Monday night.

THE LYCEUM THEATRE will re-open on Monday next, under the management of Madame Vestris.

WEBER'S OBERON.—The opera of *Oberon* was produced on the 12th of April, 1826, at Covent Garden Theatre; the story on which it is founded appeared originally in a collection of French romances: Wieland adopted the principal incidents in his celebrated poem of *Oberon*, which has been translated into English by Mr. Sotheby. Mr. Planché undertook the task of preparing the drama, at Weber's desire. Weber conducted the orchestra; he was received with a warmth that has rarely, perhaps never, been exceeded in a theatre. At the conclusion the applause was most vehement.

LE PROPHETE.—This long expected opera of Meyerbeer is definitely announced to be produced at the *Theatre de la Nation* on the 23rd of February. Roger, who takes the principal tenor part, will arrive at Paris on the 15th of November to commence the full rehearsals. Meyerbeer is already at Paris, assisting in getting up the chorusses.

NATIVE TALENT IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.—We are glad to find that our young friend and countryman, Frederick Tivendell, whose pianoforte performances excited, a short time ago, so marked a sensation in Liverpool, after he had for many years pursued his studies under the lamented Mendelssohn, and who returned to Germany to increase his proficiency and knowledge of musical science, has had the honour of playing Spohr's Quintett, in D minor, with that eminent composer, at Hesse Cassel, from whom he received the highest compliments. Spohr, at the conclusion, gave him his hand and said, he had heard it played by many, but never better;—and he hoped he should again have the pleasure of playing with him, at his earliest convenience. Mr. Tivendell is also gaining some celebrity as a composer.

EMBOSSED MUSIC FOR THE BLIND.—Mr. Hughes, of Great Portland-street, who is himself blind, has published a system of embossed music for the blind. The volume contains all the musical signs, including fingering and every variety of chords, also fourteen sacred tunes for the organ in general use at our churches. The system is not only admirably adapted for teaching those who are deprived of sight, but for enabling such of them as have a talent for composition to perpetuate their ideas by means of intelligible signs. It thus supplies to a very considerable extent the loss of sight. Mr. Hughes' system, both for music and writing, makes use of raised dots, which are read by the fingers. Mr. Hughes has also invented a writing machine which embosses letters on writing paper, by means of which the blind may correspond by post with one another, without the intervention of a third party to read the letters. Mr. Hughes' inventions are both ingenious and useful. They serve to amuse and instruct the blind, and to develop many natural faculties which would otherwise be latent.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CURIOS.—"Alexander's Feast" was first set to music by Jeremiah Clarke, but was neither performed nor published. Who the said Jeremiah Clarke was we are unable to ascertain. The celebrated "Ode to St. Cecilia's Day" was subsequently set by one Clayton, and was performed at a concert in 1711. Who one Clayton was history does not narrate. The Ode lastly came under Handel's master-hand, and was played with great success in 1736, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. For further particulars we refer our Correspondent to Malone's Life of Dryden, and Burney's History of Music.

ARTISTS SOUVENIR DE BELLINI can no doubt be procured at Wessel and Co.'s Music Warehouse, 229, Regent-street.

T. W.—The English version of Linda di Chamouni performed at Drury Lane last season is not published; the reason being, we take it, in consequence of some misunderstanding having arisen between Mr. Jullien and Mr. Boosey, the publisher, to whom belongs the copyright of the music. We do not remember the name of the ballad sung by Miss Miran. The book of Linda may be had at 60, St. Martin's Lane.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—The "Illustrations of Shelley" originally belonged to Wessel and Co. They have since changed hands, and have been assigned to Cramer, Beale, & Co. We do not know if they are published.

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